

## Hawthorne's Divided Genius

To the Puritan—even the Puritan writer—art seemed to inhabit uncertain moral territory. To dedicate one's life to its pursuit, therefore, was to risk spiritual torment, even perdition. Yet, if Calvinism has proved a burden to many of America's strongest writers, from Herman Melville to John Updike, its insistence on rigorous self-scrutiny and moral accounting has fostered a turn of mind beneficial to their craft. Born in Salem, Massachusetts, Nathaniel Hawthorne grew up in the center of Puritan culture to become one of the nation's most acute observers of the American character. Here, biographer James Mellow describes the author "between" his two famous novels, *The Scarlet Letter* (1850) and *The House of the Seven Gables* (1851), showing how these works dramatized important moral dilemmas that complicated Hawthorne's own life.

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by James R. Mellow

In one of those perfect antitheses that seem more natural to literary criticism than to literary history, Hawthorne's earliest major novels, *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables*, represent the opposite poles of his divided genius.

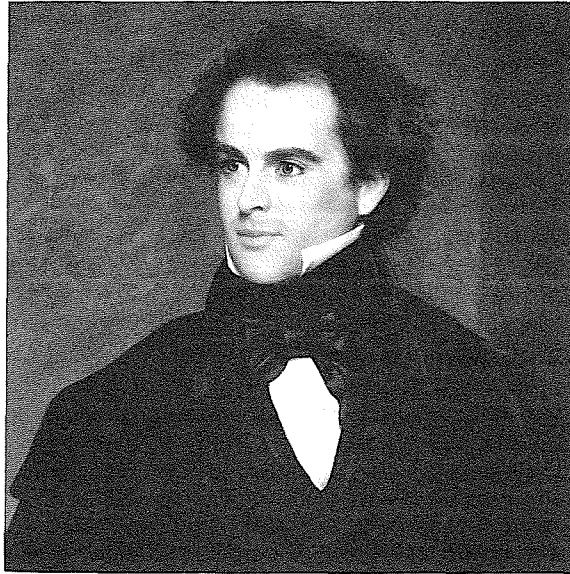
The first, published in 1850, is a gloomy allegory of sin and redemption set in Puritan Boston, a book that Hawthorne himself characterized as "positively a hell-fired story" into which he had found it impossible to introduce even a ray of cheering light.

The second, published a year later, was Hawthorne's depiction of contemporary Salem life (with flashbacks into the pasts of his fictional Pyncheon and Maule families)—a picture that Hawthorne had hoped to finish with all the minute detail of a Dutch genre painting. As he acknowledged in a letter to a friendly critic, *The House of the Seven Gables* was "a more natural and healthy product of my mind and [I] felt less reluctance in publishing it."

Hawthorne's discomfort over the earlier publication of *The Scarlet Let-*

An 1840 portrait  
of Hawthorne, 36,  
by Charles Osgood.

Courtesy of the Essex Institute,  
Salem, Massachusetts.



ter had not been feigned; but, strangely, he had been more concerned about the stark mood of the story than the possible scandal of its subject—the adulterous relationship between a sensitive and weak-willed Puritan minister, the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, and his beautiful parishioner, Hester Prynne, whose husband is mistakenly believed to have died at sea.

Originally, Hawthorne had planned *The Scarlet Letter* as a long short-story, one of a series of historical tales to be published in a single volume by his newly acquired publishers, Ticknor, Reed and Fields. But James T. Fields had encouraged him to expand the tale and publish it as a novel by itself. Writing to Fields on January 20, 1850, Hawthorne had explored his misgivings, maintaining that the story stuck too closely to its point, that it kept turning over “the same dark idea” and would very likely weary or disgust his hard-earned readership.\* Hawthorne’s

concern was natural enough; he had never been a popular or a well-paid author and he was, at that moment, in the middle of a financial crisis.

“Is it safe, then,” he asked Fields, “to stake the fate of the book entirely on this one chance?”

The question was rhetorical; it was clear from his letter that Hawthorne was ready to accede to Fields’s suggestion. The fate of the book is a fact of literary history; it was a resounding critical success. For many critics, then and now, *The Scarlet Letter* established itself as the first indisputable classic in American fiction.

Considering the genteel taste of the mid-19th century American readership, with its preference for stories of sentimental love and characters of exemplary moral behavior—a literature written by what Hawthorne described as “a damned mob of scrib-

\*He had earned his readership with such books as *Twice-Told Tales* (1837) and *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1845).

bling women"—a novel about adultery was a daring choice of subject. But Hawthorne, the anatomist of guilt rather than the historian of sin, completely avoided any suggestion of the sexual pleasures in which his loving couple might have indulged. He concentrated instead on the penitential burden they were forced to bear (one publicly, the other in private remorse) in their strict New England community.

### Offending the Prudish

Hawthorne opened his narrative at the moment when Hester Prynne, carrying her infant daughter Pearl, and bearing the embroidered scarlet letter on her breast, stands on the scaffold, enduring her public penance and refusing to name her fellow-sinner. At that point—the first of three highly dramatic tableaux centering around the scaffold, which provide the novel's structure—Hester catches sight of her husband, Roger Chillingworth, the deformed physician who becomes the catalytic agent for the Reverend Dimmesdale's psychological fall from grace.

Hawthorne's lovers may reflect upon or endlessly discuss their moral transgression, but they never look back upon the Eden of their passion. Only once does Hester suggest—with a boldness more characteristic of later feminist heroines than the usual insipid 19th-century female protagonist—that their love affair had its own justification, whatever

the world's view. "What we did had a consecration of its own," she tells the minister during their meeting in the woods. "We felt it so! We said so to each other!"

But if *The Scarlet Letter* was the most licit of novels on an illicit theme, Hawthorne did not altogether escape criticism from some of his more sententious reviewers. An Episcopalian bishop, Arthur Cleveland Coxe, writing in the *Church Review*, characterized the story as "the nauseous amour of a Puritan pastor, with a frail creature of his charge, whose mind is represented as far more debauched than her body." (The latter stricture refers to Hester's somewhat emancipated views on the position of women in a male-dominated society.) The clergyman also complained of Hawthorne's introduction of French realism into the purer streams of American fiction; he asked if "a running undertide of filth" would now become a prerequisite for a popular romance.

### Art and Adultery

In the highly principled *North American Review*, another critic, Anne W. Abbott, questioned how Hawthorne, a writer with "a wizard power over language," could have chosen such a revolting subject as adultery—a subject "to which fine writing seems as inappropriate as fine embroidery." Subliminally, perhaps, she had caught Hawthorne's analogy between works of

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literature and the sinful condition of human nature. For Hawthorne clearly intended to establish the parallel: It is one of the obsessive themes of his fiction. The scarlet "A," so artfully embroidered by Hester, is intended to signify art as well as adultery. For Hawthorne, writing—like Hester's embroidery—was an art that was something of a luxury "in a land that afforded comparatively little scope for its exercise."

### Making a Splash

The fact that he had created a masterpiece on the theme of one of the capital sins exposed Hawthorne to a sharp attack from the influential social critic and labor reformer Orestes Brownson, who declared: "There is an unsound state of public morals when the novelist is permitted, without a scorching rebuke, to select such crimes, and invest them with all the fascinations of genius, and all the charms of a highly polished style." Brownson, writing in his own *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, obviously intended to administer that rebuke.

The success of *The Scarlet Letter*, however—by September 1850, it had gone through two editions, amounting to 5,000 copies, and a new edition had been called for—had less to do with the daring subject matter than with the notoriety of the author's recent ouster from his political post as Surveyor of the Salem Custom House. On June 8, 1849, by way of the newly instituted telegraphic service, Hawthorne was informed of his dismissal. He had been led to believe, by the local Whigs, that his position was secure, since the new administration under Zachary Taylor did not intend to remove qualified men for partisan political reasons. Hawthorne, an appointed Democrat,

maintained an air of aggrieved innocence throughout the resulting scandal, which was a subject of nationwide editorial comment. A number of eminent Whigs—including Daniel Webster, William Hickling Prescott, the historian, and Horace Mann, Hawthorne's brother-in-law and a Massachusetts congressman at the time—tried to have him reinstated without success.

The publicity, however, proved beneficial when his novel was published seven months later. Hawthorne's wonderfully sardonic account of his tenure of office and his political "decapitation," written as "The Custom-House," the introductory chapter to his novel, only served to revive the controversy. Moreover, Hawthorne's publisher, James Fields, was an energetic publicist, prodding editors and critics with advance copies, courting favorable reviews, introducing stepped-up advertising campaigns, and plastering New York and Boston with show cards of his new publications. "We intend to publish your books à-la-Steam Engine," he told Hawthorne, by way of indicating his up-to-date approach to the trade. In certain respects, *The Scarlet Letter* was one of the first American novels to benefit from modern promotional methods.

### The Hermit Myth

Despite all this, the image of Hawthorne as a shy, unworldly man, the reclusive author of dreamy tales and fantasies that had little relation to the life of his time, has become entrenched in our literary history.

It stands in the way of a fuller understanding of the complexity of his work and the complexity of his life. It is true that following his graduation from Bowdoin College in

1825, Hawthorne had returned to Salem to spend a decade living in seclusion on Herbert Street with his reclusive mother and sisters. (Hawthorne's father, a sea captain, had died in Surinam when Hawthorne was four.) There, writing in his "dismal and squalid chamber" under the eaves, he served his lengthy apprenticeship as a writer, producing, in 1828, an unsatisfactory novel, *Fanshawe* (which he later disowned), and the series of tales and sketches he began sending around to the ephemeral literary magazines and gift annuals of the period.

But Hawthorne was scarcely the hermit he liked to present himself as being in his later prefaces to his novels and volumes of stories. During his summers, he traveled: to Connecticut, Martha's Vineyard, the Shaker community at Canterbury, New Hampshire, and, once, during

the cholera-ridden summer of 1832, as far west as Niagara Falls and perhaps to Detroit. His travels, as his letters and notebooks indicate, were meant to provide him with material for his stories and sketches. Sometimes during these excursions, according to his sister Elizabeth, Hawthorne engaged in mild flirtations with young women, but neither he nor his family seems to have taken these affairs seriously.

Even the briefest review of Hawthorne's political or professional careers gives the lie to the now-outmoded image of him as a literary recluse. In 1836, he served as the editor of the Boston-based publication, *The American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge*. In 1837, with the help of his friends Senator Franklin Pierce and Representative Jonathan Cilley (both former Bowdoin students), he unsuccessfully



*Courtesy of The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations.*

*Hawthorne was Surveyor at the Salem Custom House (above) from 1845 until 1849. He described his ouster in his introduction to *The Scarlet Letter*.*

tried to get a position as historian of the Wilkes Expedition, which circled the globe in 1838-42. In 1838, he pressed another friend, John Louis O'Sullivan, editor of the *Democratic Review*, to use his influence in obtaining for him the job of Postmaster in Salem.

In 1839, his future sister-in-law Elizabeth Peabody pressured the wily politician and historian George Bancroft into appointing Hawthorne a Measurer in the Boston Custom House. He kept the post until 1841, when he quit to become the unlikely member of the new utopian community, Brook Farm, in West Roxbury, Massachusetts. Hawthorne had hoped to establish a residence for himself and his bride-to-be, Sophia Peabody, but he soon found the taxing round of farm chores thoroughly unconvocative to his literary ambitions.

For three years, following his marriage in 1842, Hawthorne actively campaigned for a political appointment in Salem and, after much wheeling and dealing, was rewarded with the Surveyorship in 1846. In 1852, with characteristic diffidence, he offered his services as campaign biographer to Franklin Pierce, who was running for the Presidency. Although Hawthorne maintained that he had no political intentions in making such a gesture, he promptly reconsidered and accepted the lucrative post of American consul in Liverpool when Pierce was elected. After a profitable post-inaugural trip to Washington, Hawthorne even managed to add to his consular salary the "emoluments" from the then-vacant consulship at Manchester. He was hardly the apolitical figure that literary critics and biographers have sketched for us in the past.

In one of those unpredictable

mergers of art with personal life, Hawthorne's political embarrassment during his ouster from the Salem surveyorship bore fruit in the thematic circumstances of *The Scarlet Letter*. The poignancy of Hester Prynne's public penance, her ordeal on the scaffold, where she is pilloried for her sins, is directly related to the shame and bitterness Hawthorne experienced when his own name was unexpectedly "careering through the public prints."

#### No Innocent Parties

Throughout the controversy, Hawthorne had publicly maintained that he was merely an innocent man of letters who had been offered a political post, that he had been, at best, an indifferent politician who had never taken an active part in party politics.

His protestations of innocence were somewhat disingenuous. He had, in fact, deliberately campaigned to get the office. Prior to his dismissal, he had allowed himself to be used as a shield behind which his Democratic cronies held onto their posts in the Custom House. Finally, and with some justice, the Salem Whigs decided that the only way they could take over the Custom House patronage was to remove Hawthorne himself.

Hawthorne had not been the passive politician he claimed to be; one of his first acts of office was the dismissal of two elderly inspectors whom he had found it his duty "to report as incompetent," and whom he replaced with "firm friends of the administration." Nor is it altogether certain that Hawthorne was completely free of taint in the case of pressuring—or allowing his name to be used in pressuring—two of his subordinates into paying large as-

essments for the benefit of the local Democratic Party newspaper under threat of being dismissed.

Hawthorne, whose obsessive sense of guilt motivated many of his finest stories, brought to his account of Hester Prynne's ordeal on the scaffold the burden of his own uneasy compromises during his recent political tenure. The reader of *The Scarlet Letter* who attempts to unravel the "inextricable knot" that ties together the fates of Hester Prynne, Arthur Dimmesdale, and Roger Chillingworth will find no innocent party. The only innocence in *The Scarlet Letter* is the cruel innocence of little Pearl, whose questions about the scarlet A only add to her mother's sense of guilt and shame.

#### An Early Freudian

*The Scarlet Letter*, however, is not important to us because of its autobiographical hints. Aside from the emblematic figure of Hester (one of the most vivid female characters in American fiction), the real significance of Hawthorne's classic novel lies in its psychological force.

In the Reverend Dimmesdale's fall from pedestal and pulpit, Hawthorne traces with uncanny intuition the hidden connection between physical suffering and repressed guilt. And in the dark relationship between Dimmesdale and the physician Roger Chillingworth, Hawthorne proves himself a premature Freudian, exploring—years before their actual discovery—the manipulative techniques of psychoanalysis.

His account of the process by which Chillingworth establishes his unwary victim's guilt is masterful:

A man burdened with a secret should especially avoid the intimacy of his physician. If the latter possess native sagacity, and a nameless something more—let us

call it intuition; if he show no intrusive egotism, nor disagreeably prominent characteristics of his own; if he have the power, which must be born with him, to bring his mind into such affinity with his patient's, that this last shall unawares have spoken what he imagines himself only to have thought; if such revelations be received without tumult, and acknowledged not so often by an uttered sympathy, as by silence . . . then, at some inevitable moment, will the soul of the sufferer be dissolved, and flow forth in a dark, but transparent stream, bringing all its mysteries into the daylight.

Hawthorne was an explorer of the interior self. The above passage from *The Scarlet Letter* illustrates what Hawthorne's most perceptive admirer, Herman Melville, called the "power of blackness" in his prose—the ability to trace the darker emotions, the submerged torments of the mind. It was a quality that set Hawthorne's writing apart from the more popular but shallow fiction of his time.

Hawthorne made ambivalence a method. It was not simply a question of indecision or indifference or a means of escape from the hard social issues of the period—as some of his severest critics claimed. It was Hawthorne's attempt to hold in precise and delicate balance contradictory assumptions, a way of presenting a view of the world that was more complex than could be accommodated by the jingoism of either reactionaries or reformers. In his life, that ambivalence was to cost him uneasy relationships with his Concord neighbors and result in sharp criticisms from the New England abolitionists.

Early in the Civil War, for example, writing about a group of Confederate prisoners he had seen at Harpers Ferry, he could not bring himself to repeat the usual blood-

*Hester Prynne, with child Pearl, stands accused before 17th-century Boston: "Thus she will be a living sermon against sin, until the ignominious letter be engraved upon her tombstone."*

Courtesy of The New York Public Library,  
Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations.



thirsty prejudices of the hour. And when Franklin Pierce, because of his outspoken anti-war, anti-Lincoln opinions, was being publicly branded a traitor, Hawthorne—against all advice—dedicated his book of English reminiscences, *Our Old Home*, to Pierce.

"I find that it would be a piece of poltroonery in me to withdraw either the dedication or the dedicatory letter. . . ." Hawthorne wrote Fields. "I should never look at the volume again without remorse or shame."

In his writing, Hawthorne's ambivalence provided the opposing symbols, the seemingly antagonistic viewpoints that sustained the ten-

sion of his best stories and novels. In *The Scarlet Letter*, the primitive forest, the haunt of the Devil, and the still-raw community of Boston mark the symbolic antipodes of man's moral experience. The harsh justice of the Puritan colony and the private sexual consecration of Hester and the Reverend Dimmesdale appear to be irreconcilable. But in Hawthorne's moral universe, time—and the penitential exile of Hester from the community—bring about a change in public opinion.

In his introductory chapter to *The Scarlet Letter*, Hawthorne had bravely announced his intended departure from Salem. "Henceforth,"



he claimed, "I am a citizen of somewhere else." His native town—the Salem of his ignominious political defeat—would be remembered only as "an overgrown village in cloud-land, with only imaginary inhabitants to people its wooden houses and walk its homely lanes."

But Hawthorne was not able to dismiss it so easily. In the Berkshires, where he had moved his family in the summer of 1850, he came down with a "tolerable nervous fever," which was finally cured by doses of belladonna. "Mr. Hawthorne thinks it is Salem which he is dragging at his ankles still," Sophia Hawthorne wrote her family.

In his next novel, *The House of the Seven Gables*, Hawthorne recreated his native town, situating it not in "cloud-land" but in the everyday present: a village of (albeit fictional) shabby-genteel families and small tradesmen, elm-lined streets and paltry gardens with scratching hens, parochial ambitions, and past crimes (such as the notorious witchcraft trials and, quite possibly, Hawthorne's shameful political ouster) inescapably haunting its present.

#### New Breed of Man

Stylistically, the book represents another of the essential dichotomies in Hawthorne's work. Unlike the stark allegorical drama of *The Scarlet Letter*, it is full of rambling descriptions and homely details—the kind of details that Hawthorne ordinarily committed to his notebooks and letters. They reflected his sharp observational powers rather than his brooding imagination.

The Salem of *The House of the Seven Gables* has its history, of course: The ancient history of the Pyncheon house (modeled after the weathered old home of one of

Hawthorne's family connections) symbolizes the heavy burden of the past upon its present occupants. But the Salem in which the principal action takes place is an American town in the mid-19th century, with its technological improvements—the railroad, the telegraph, store-bought clothes; a rising merchant class outstripping the declining aristocracy; a breed of new men—like the Honorable Judge Pyncheon—who have dispensed with the old republican virtues and are eager to take on the management of American politics and American society.

#### Perspiration and Self-Importance

As an instance of the contemporaneity that Hawthorne now sought as a writer, the profession he chose for his young hero, Holgrave, was that of "an artist in the daguerreotype line," a practitioner of the new science of photography, which had been introduced into the United States late in 1839 and, by the mid-1840s, was in high vogue. (Hawthorne, interestingly, in 1841 had been one of the early visitors to the "rooms" of the pioneering Boston daguerreotypist, Albert Sands Southworth. Unfortunately, the "miniature" that Hawthorne sat for seems to have been lost.)

*The House of the Seven Gables* has its balance of opposites: Holgrave, a representative of radical youth (like Hawthorne's former Concord neighbor, Henry Thoreau) makes speeches "full of wild and disorganizing matter." He is an apostle of individualism and self-reliance, a severe critic of the past, who complains "Shall we never, never get rid of this Past! It lies upon the Present like a giant's dead body." Phoebe Pyncheon, the symbol of conservative values and rural virtue, is at first

put off by the young man because of his "lack of reverence for what was fixed"; but she soon tames him into love and marriage.

Clifford Pyncheon is the ineffectual diletante and lover of the beautiful, a man out of step with the new American success ethic. Released from prison where he has served time for a crime he did not commit, he lives in a world of childish appetites and small secrets, petulantly whining, "I want my happiness. . . . Many, many years have I waited for it! It is late! It is late!"

Even Clifford, with his aristocratic tastes, has his compulsion for the Hawthornean opposite. He experiences a mad urge to throw himself into a banal political procession wending its way along Pyncheon Street, the marchers all "perspiration and weary self-importance" (How many small-town parades are summed up in that accurate phrase!)—his way of identifying with something larger than himself, the plodding mass of ordinary humanity.

Ironically, one of the defenses Hawthorne had mounted against his political enemies in Salem was his contention that he had never in his life taken part in such processions. "I am almost tempted to say [I] would hardly have done anything so little in accordance with my tastes and character," Hawthorne explained with a fastidiousness that would have been thoroughly appropriate for Clifford.

#### **Prisoners of Progress**

Although Hawthorne's long narrative account of the death of Judge Pyncheon, reviewing in masterful prose the hypocrisy and opportunism of the American public servant circa 1850, is one of the great set pieces in American literature, his chapter, "The Flight of Two Owls,"

better illustrates his modernity and his use of ambivalence. In it, he sends his two principals, Clifford and his equally timorous and reclusive sister Hepzibah, in a tragicomic flight to freedom, escaping from the prison of the old house and the dead Judge, only to find themselves prisoners in the new symbol of progress—a railroad coach whose destination they do not know. In their fear and flight, the two pathetic holdovers from an earlier generation have simply embarked on a journey to nowhere in particular.

#### **Thundering Nay-Sayer**

In the course of the journey, Clifford becomes a somewhat dotty exponent of modern technology, praising, for the benefit of the bewildered and uncomfortable passengers, the railroad that will bring about a new "nomadic" life for mankind, releasing it from its moneygrubbing ways and its adherence to property and real estate. "A man will commit almost any wrong," Clifford maintains, "he will heap up an immense pile of wickedness, as hard as granite . . . only to build a great, gloomy, dark-chambered mansion, for himself to die in, and for his posterity to be miserable in."

At the same time, Hawthorne introduces an elderly passenger, who enters into a discussion with Clifford and ends by pronouncing his views "All a humbug!" Yet the passenger, too, has his contradictory opinions on the subject of progress. He is wary of the telegraph—which Clifford has also praised—because he suspects it will become merely a tool for "speculators in cotton and politics," but regards it as "a great thing" for the speedy detection of bank robbers and murderers. Clifford, who was unjustly accused of murder and now

fears that he will be charged with the death of Judge Pyncheon, finds his newfound faith shaken. He immediately begins to argue against the telegraph as "an infringement" upon a man's "natural rights." Here, Hawthorne, in contradictory fashion, appears to be both endorsing and satirizing some of his own views, for his book was intended as a criticism of American materialism, an attempt—as he described it in his preface—to "convince mankind (or, indeed, any one man) of the folly of tumbling down an avalanche of ill-gotten gold, or real estate, on the heads of an unfortunate posterity."

No admirer of philosophy or the cloudy metaphysics of his transcen-

dentalist friends and neighbors, Hawthorne was usually ill at ease with general arguments of the kind he produced in his preface. But as a writer, through his ambivalence and in the deployment of his fictional characters, he was able to turn an idea in several directions at once. One of his great gifts as a novelist is the realization of the irreducible personal bias of all our opinions, even our cloudiest metaphysical speculations. We think what we are, Hawthorne is saying, and what we allow ourselves to become.

The first half of the 19th century was a proving-ground on which the optimistic vision of the founding fathers was tested against the



*"On every side the seven gables pointed sharply toward the sky, and presented the aspect of a whole sisterhood of edifices, breathing through the spirals of one great chimney." Such a house existed in Salem, though it originally had eight gables.*

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harsher realities of national experience. It was a period that marked a progressive shift from a rural agronomy toward industrialization and urbanization. It was a time of encroaching materialism in American values, a period of rising economic standards and recurring financial panics, of ambitious communitarian experiments (e.g., Brook Farm) that inevitably failed. A growing free labor force fostered a fledgling trade union movement and worker unrest. Politically, it was a time of drift toward civil war.

Hawthorne's ambivalence toward social and political reform made him an observer of the scene — never a joiner, never a partisan of causes. A Democrat in politics, he seldom, in good conscience, subscribed to the popular movements and popular prejudices of the educated classes. In literary matters, he, like his colleague Melville, remained outside the mainstream of popular American literature. Hawthorne's philosophy (if it could be called a philosophy rather than a pragmatic response to specific social issues on various occasions) was steeped in the old Puritan faith. He was never a committed or convinced churchgoer, yet a belief in original sin and the natural predisposition of man toward evil ruled his view of society.

Unlike Emerson, with his grand

philosophy of unhampered individualism and his optimistic faith in the benefits of technological progress and reform, Hawthorne was never able to believe that reform in itself would overcome the materialism and the abuses of American society. He could not, in fact, subscribe to any philosophy that did not take into account the subterranean motivations of human nature.

Beneath the parade of good intentions, Hawthorne always suspected the darker personal characteristics of the reformers — their egotism and self-serving rationalizations, their urge for power, their tendency to manipulate others. His ambivalence, his talent for psychological insight, his ability to see through the heady optimism and inflexibility of his reformist acquaintances made him something of an outsider, even among America's intellectuals.

It was Melville, his peer in many respects, who understood the "great power of blackness" in Hawthorne's works and who recognized "the grand truth"—that Hawthorne was a man who could say "No! in thunder." That, indeed, is his uniqueness in American cultural history: In both his political and his literary careers, he remained the brooding, fallible, private man, a nay-sayer to the convenient rationalizations and prejudices of the American conscience.